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## The Soldier's Dream of Home.

You have put the children to bed, Alice—  
Maud, and Willie, and Rose;  
They have slipped their sweet "Our Father,"  
And sunk to their night's repose,  
Did they think of me, dear Alice?  
Did they think of me and say,  
"God bless him, and God bless him,  
Dear father, far away?"

O, my very heart grows sick, Alice,  
I long so to behold  
Rose, with her pure white forehead,  
And Maud with her curls of gold;  
And Willie, so gay and sprightly,  
So merry and full of glee—  
O, my heart yearns to unfold ye,  
My smiling group of three.

I can hear the noisy day, Alice—  
The camp-life gay and wild,  
Shuts from my yearning bosom  
The thoughts of wife and child.  
But when the night is round me,  
And under its strong beams,  
I gather my clank about me,  
I dream such long sad dreams!

I think of a pale, young wife, Alice,  
Who looked up in my face  
When the drum beat at evening  
And called me to my place.  
I think of thee, sweet birdling,  
Left in the dear home-nest,  
And my soul is sick with longing  
That will not be at rest.

O, when will the war be over, Alice!  
O, when shall I behold  
Rose, with her pure white forehead,  
And Maud, with her curls of gold;  
And Willie, so gay and sprightly,  
So merry and full of glee,  
And more than all, the dear wife  
Who bore my babes to me!

God guard and keep you all, Alice;  
God guard and keep me, too;  
For if only one were missing,  
What would the other do!  
O when will the war be over,  
And when shall I behold  
Those whom I love so dearly  
Safe in the dear home-fold!

## Letter from Lieut. Governor Jacob.

I wish to present to the public a statement  
of my arbitrary arrest by Brevet Major General  
Burbridge. I, only, was personally  
interested. I should not trouble the public  
with that which concerned me alone. I  
should be content with the infliction of a  
severe personal chastisement upon the author  
of my arrest and those who rule him. An  
every citizen of this country is as much in-  
terested as I am—because no man knows  
the hour when he himself may be kidnaped,  
and either imprisoned or exiled—I sink  
personal considerations, and write for the  
public good, as all are vitally interested.

Again the dignity and honor of my own  
native State has been ruthlessly stricken  
down by the illegal and arbitrary arrest—  
without charges, confronting witnesses, or  
trial—of its second officer, by an imbecile  
commander, under the complete control and  
by order of an apostate priest, for his own  
base revenge. For these reasons, I ask  
through your columns, to present to the pub-  
lic the following:

I write without feeling, but fearlessly. If  
the truth hurts, I can't help it. Three days  
after the election, on the 11th day of No-  
vember last, I was arrested by Captain  
Hawes, at my country residence, twenty-

for miles above the city of Louisville on the  
Ohio river. He said he arrested me by order  
of Gen. Burbridge. I was carried down to  
Westport to wait for the Cincinnati and  
Louisville mail boat. As I was arrested,  
though illegally, by an officer of the govern-  
ment, I had no disposition to resist. With  
the slightest encouragement on my part, a  
portion of my old regiment and the citizens  
would have rescued me. So, along the line  
of the Louisville and Lexington railroad, I  
discouraged all such attempts. I was con-  
scious of innocence and courted investigation.  
It was not given me. I was two  
hours in Lexington, I believe at Gen. Mc-  
Lean's headquarters. Gen. Burbridge was  
in the city. He did not see me. Why?  
Because he knew that he had arrested me  
illegally, without the slightest foundation,  
and therefore he was too cowardly to meet  
me. He and those who govern him had  
murder in their hearts. Too cowardly to  
have me executed, they intended to place  
me between the lines, where the probability  
was, and which they hoped would be,  
that I should be murdered. "Man proposes,  
God disposes."

I here asked to see my daughter, who was  
going to school in Lexington. I did not  
get that privilege. I do not know whether  
Captain Hawes forgot to ask Gen. Burbridge  
or not. At Cincinnati I informed Captain  
Hawes that I was not prepared either in the  
way of proper underclothing or of money;  
that I only had \$25 in money; that I would  
therefore wish to check on the Bank of  
Louisville for money, and telegraph for the  
mail boat to bring me my clothes. He said  
he would telegraph to Burbridge. I believe  
he did so, and that was the last of it. How-  
ever, kind friends, some of them entire  
strangers, slipped me in money and under-  
clothing, and I turned an old pair of pantaloons  
into drawers—my inventive faculties be-  
ing sharpened by nearly freezing one bitter  
cold night. If it had not been for these  
kind friends, I should have been placed  
within the lines with about \$15 in money.  
I believe it was the intention thus to place  
me in order to force me—if I was not killed  
—to accept submission. They little knew  
me. I was very kindly treated by both offi-  
cers and soldiers who had me in charge. I  
was kept strictly guarded both by day and  
night. I was only permitted to talk on the  
most trivial subjects.

On the 19th of November, 1864 I was  
placed outside the Federal lines, and a copy  
of an order to this effect given me:

"By order of General Burbridge, placed  
Col. Jacob outside of the Federal lines, by  
way of the Kanawha river, not to return  
during the war, under penalty of death."

I was across the Gauley shore and foot  
My value, small as it was, was an incen-  
brance. My whole fortune was on my back  
and in that value. I sat down on a big rock  
and contemplated my position. My reflec-  
tions were bitter. Why was I thus treated?  
Was it because I was true to the Union  
when that cause was doubtful, and when I  
had the casting vote and had cast it against  
my own party in the Legislature, when the  
cause would have been lost in Kentucky, if  
I had not thus voted? Was it because I  
had, in a time of peril, raised a splendid  
regiment, besides recruiting many hundred  
more men, and forsaking family and friends  
and a comfortable home, for the hardships  
and perils of the battle-field? Was it be-  
cause I had defended the constitutional  
rights of my native State, the right of free  
speech, a free press, free suffrage, and the  
personal right of every citizen to be tried  
before he is condemned? Was it because I  
had exercised the rights of an American  
citizen, and had freely decanted upon the  
merits of Mr. Lincoln's policy? Or was it  
to gratify the personal revenge of a political  
priest who had used poor Burbridge as a  
tool? We shall see—I had thus to conjecture  
because I had not been confronted; I  
had no charges preferred against me; I had  
not been openly condemned. I thus reflected  
bitterly; but time was passing and I had  
twelve miles to walk before me. I rose from  
my stony seat, with the proud consciousness  
of rectitude; that, at least, it was but the  
action of bad men and not of my country,  
and for that country I was still willing to  
risk my life.

I also reflected: If I am thus treated by  
the officers of my own government, how will  
those I fought against treat me? I first tried  
to escape to Canada. Finding I could not  
penetrate the military lines I turned my

course to the Confederate lines, and after  
walking about one hundred miles I came  
upon their pickets, to whom I showed Bur-  
bridge's order. I was kindly treated. I  
then reported to General Echols, then, to  
General Breckinridge, and then by permis-  
sion of the war department, on parole of  
honor to Richmond. I was everywhere  
treated kindly. I never had a cross word  
or look during my stay in the Confederacy.  
I never pushed my opinions, but never de-  
nied being a Union man, and was always  
honored for so doing. They never doubted  
my position. They only calculated whether  
it was more atrocious or more ridiculous—  
the act of banishing a man who had fought  
and bled for his country. It took an imbe-  
cile under the charge of a crazy priest, to  
conceive such a punishment.

Mr. Prentice being ready to start back to  
the United States, I wrote and sent by  
him the following letter to the President,  
Mr. Lincoln.

RICHMOND, Dec. 29, 1864.

To his Excellency the President of the  
United States:

SIR: On the night of the 11th of Novem-  
ber last, I was arrested, by order of Brevet  
Major General Burbridge, at my country  
home, 25 miles above Louisville. I was  
carried to Lexington, and kept at General  
McLean's headquarters some two hours.—  
I courted, and confidently expected to have  
an interview with General Burbridge. It  
was not given me. I was by his order car-  
ried under strict guard, and expelled through  
the Federal lines, under penalty of death if I  
returned before the war was over. I was  
thus forced by necessity into the Confed-  
erate lines, to accept the hospitality and pro-  
tection of a people that I had fought against,  
and after I had shed my blood in defence of  
what I considered a noble cause. Certainly  
one must have committed a great crime to  
justify such a fate. A poor return for  
wounds received and hard service rendered  
to one's country. Even a thief has the boon  
of being tried and condemned before he is  
punished. Seized as a felon; not permitted  
to talk or consult with my friends; not con-  
fronted; no charges preferred and no trial  
permitted, I am hurried through the lines to  
accept the hospitality and protection of those  
I had fought against. It is difficult to de-  
fend one's self when no charge is preferred.  
I have not even a conjecture to go on except  
a telegram which I cut out of the Cincin-  
nati Commercial, which is as follows:

"The Post's Washington letter says, the  
arrest of Lieutenant Governor Jacob of  
Kentucky will lead to important disclosures.  
There are rumors of a wide-spread conspir-  
acy existing in that State, not to take it  
over to the Southern Confederacy, but to  
inaugurate a second revolution, the object  
of which is to make Kentucky independent  
of the General Government."

If my arrest would lead to important dis-  
closures, would not common sense suggest  
that I should have been detained and exam-  
ined? If there was a "wide-spread conspir-  
acy" I know not of it. Nor did I believe  
for one moment there was any such. I  
never was connected with a conspiracy, nor  
belonged to a secret political, military, or  
any other kind of organization in my life.  
True, Mr. President, I was opposed to your  
election, and it is the only charge that can  
with truth be brought against me. I be-  
lieved that your re-election would prove a  
misfortune to my country. I believed so  
sincerely; I therefore worked with all the  
energy and intellect that I possessed to de-  
feat you. Thus believing, it was not only  
my right as an American citizen, but my  
duty to do so. You were re-elected both  
against my earnest wishes and efforts. I  
had determined to bow, as a good citizen,  
to the verdict of the American people. I  
had determined to let the responsibility rest  
on you, and those who supported you, if the  
American Union was broken up and the  
country destroyed.

I intended no factious opposition. I had  
entered my most solemn protest; that was  
sufficient. I was not permitted to remain  
quiet. Three days after the election I was  
seized. I find this in the Richmond Sentinel  
of the 1st of December, taken from the  
Louisville Journal: We are happy to an-  
nounce that President Lincoln has consented  
to the release of Lieutenant Governor Jacob  
and Colonel Frank Wolford. We sincerely  
hope that this may be the commencement of  
a new policy on the part of the President.  
Now, sir, I wish to find out whether this is

correct or not, and if so, whether you will  
not order that I be passed through the lines  
to return to my duties as Lieutenant Gov-  
ernor of Kentucky. If it is not true, I ask  
you and the justice of my government to  
revoke the order of Gen. Burbridge. As I  
have committed no crime, I ask not for par-  
don, but merely simply justice. Will you  
and my government grant that or not?  
Very respectfully,

RICHARD T. JACOB.

Mr. Prentice asked me what conditions I  
would accede to, if any were required. To  
prevent all misunderstanding, I wrote the  
following:

To Mr. Geo. D. Prentice, Esq:

DEAR SIR: Having committed no crime  
neither the honor of my native State, or the  
country I had fought and bled for, or to my-  
self, will permit me to accept anything,  
but unconditional release. I will perish in  
exile first.

Very truly, your friend,

RICHARD T. JACOB.

It was my intention, if I had not received  
an unconditional release, to run the block-  
ade to Canada, and from there to Kentucky  
on the convening of the Legislature, to take  
my seat as a presiding officer of the Senate,  
where the constitution of my State re-  
quired me to be, and to tell Gen. Burbridge  
that in defiance of a military despot I would  
do my duty. That was the reason I made  
the attempt to escape to Canada before I  
entered the Confederate lines. In about  
ten days I received the following:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE U. S.  
IN FIELD, VA., Jan. 5, 1865.

By the direction of the President, Lieut.  
Gov. Richard T. Jacob, of Kentucky, is per-  
mitted to pass from the Confederate lines  
into the Federal lines, and from thence to  
Washington D. C. Federal officers will pass  
him accordingly. By command of  
Lieut. Gen. GRANT.

T. S. BURNS, A. A. G.

On my arrival at Washington I called on  
the President, who received me very kindly.  
He handed me the following, which, being  
an unconditional release, I accepted:

EXECUTIVE MANDATE.

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1865.

Hon. Richard T. Jacob:

SIR: You are at liberty to proceed to  
Kentucky, and remain at large as far as re-  
lates to any cause now past. In what I  
now do, I decide nothing as to the right or  
wrong of your arrest, but act in the hope  
that there is less liability to misunderstanding  
among Union men now than there was  
at the time of the arrest. Respectfully,  
A. LINCOLN.

During the course of the conversation, the  
President remarked that certainly union  
men had the right to discuss their rights and  
his policy, in a Presidential canvass, and  
that it was not disloyal to do so. I remarked  
that I would go back to Kentucky, that I  
knew that I could not only speak for my-  
self, but for Governor Besmittle, that we  
would do all we could, as we had done, to  
sustain the Union cause. That we would  
uphold and praise him for what we believed  
to be right, and would just as certainly op-  
pose him where we conscientiously believed  
him to be wrong. That I hoped he would  
not let a few bad men keep the State in a  
turmoil.

In all this we do not find out why, and by  
whose influence I was arrested. Some of  
my friends called on the President while I  
was under arrest to demand my release. Mr.  
Lincoln telegraphed to Burbridge to show  
the charges against me. Burbridge was ab-  
sent. His Adjutant General, I suppose,  
telegraphed about the following:

"Lieutenant Governor Jacob was arrested  
at the instance of Dr. Robert Breckinridge,  
on the charge of general disloyalty." On  
receiving this, Mr. Lincoln remarked: "This  
is no charge at all."

Now for the cause. Was it patriotism on  
his part? No, it was revenge. A few days  
before the election, in his Church Review,  
prostituted to politics, Dr. Breckinridge  
called me, in round about, elegant language,  
a traitor. Without any circumlocution, I  
branded him as a "liar," and skinned him in  
about two columns and a half of the Louis-  
ville Journal. Unable to erase the brand,  
which is indelible, he concluded he would  
avenge himself upon me by having me kid-  
napped and sent through the lines, in the  
hope that I would be murdered. I was not  
murdered, but had a very pleasant trip, and  
am back again in due spirits and health and  
ready to renew the fight.

Many gentlemen of distinguished ability,  
in Kentucky, denounced the President's  
policy as much as I did, or any one else.  
No one was arrested but Colonel Wolford,  
Paul Shipman of the Louisville Journal,  
Gen. Huston, and myself. Why were we  
four? Because we were the only ones that  
in order to defend ourselves, had to denounce  
this apostate priest, Dr. Breckinridge. Par-  
noble frater! Breckinridge, Burbridge!  
Master, too! What has not Kentucky suf-  
fered under their miserable rule! Violence  
and plunder and the State filled with guer-  
rillas by their policy. Efficient only in one  
thing—the arrest of loyal men who will not  
bow to their arbitrary sway. Hundreds  
were shot without trial by order of Bur-  
bridge. Were all guilty? God only knows.

Imagine this petty tyrant of Kentucky.  
A pink cheeked, black haired, pretty fellow  
—cheeks suffused with chronic drunkenness  
—a head the shape of an old fashioned sug-  
gar loaf; and with the finest microscope it  
would be impossible to detect the first ray of  
intelligence; under the complete control of  
inordinate vanity, whiskey, and a broken  
down political preacher, and an intelligent  
community can form some idea of the inrol-  
erable suffering of poor, loyal Kentucky.  
Without an arm he could not live an hour  
in that State. Men, women, and children  
would rise up against him. In the name of  
God! will not the patriotism, heroism, and  
the blood of seventy thousand noble sons  
who have fought, bled, and died for the  
Union cause, save their State from such de-  
gradation?

But to return. If I was suspected of  
treason I should have been arrested and  
tried by a constitutional tribunal. If guilty,  
I should have been condemned and punish-  
ed. No one knew better than those who  
had me arrested, that I was no traitor; that  
not a shadow of a charge could be sustained  
or they would have tried and condemned me,  
by a military tribunal. Knowing that I was  
not guilty, they kidnapped and sent me, as  
fast as steam power could carry me, across  
the lines, meantime forging lies against  
me, whilst I was where I could not defend  
myself. I am back; what have they gained?  
Have they silenced me? By the living  
God—no! Where American liberty and  
unity are in danger, exile, prisons, chains  
cannot; death alone can silence me, and  
even then my blood will speak far more  
eloquently than I can, and with a voice of  
thunder, echoed and re-echoed by aroused  
freemen, proclaim that American unity and  
liberty must and shall be preserved, and  
woe to them that stand in the way.

RICHARD T. JACOB.

## To What We Are Coming.

Things are working beautifully into the  
hands of the abolitionists. At a recent  
meeting at the Cooper Institute, Gerrit  
Smith made a speech on reconstruction and  
amending the Constitution, and the follow-  
ing resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That this meeting consider the  
work of amending the Constitution will not  
be complete till that instrument shall forbid  
any State to make any distinction between  
its citizens on account of race.

The meeting also adopted the following  
message to the President, and sent it by  
telegram:

DEAR AND HONORED SIR: A thousand citi-  
zens of New York send you this message.  
Let no negro's hand drop the musket till  
you have armed it with the ballot.

## A Woman's Idea of Trousers.

A young New England mamma, on the  
important occasion of making her little boy  
his first pair of colored trousers, conceived  
the idea that it would be more economical  
to make them of the same dimensions behind  
as before, so that they might be changed  
about and wear evenly, and so she fashion-  
ed them. The effect, when donned  
by the little victim, was ludicrous in the  
extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy  
garments, so "fearfully and wonderfully  
made," burst into a roar of laughter, and  
exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you  
have the heart to do it! Why, the poor  
little fellow won't know whether he's going  
to school or coming home!"—Little Pilgrim.

O'Leary, gazing with astonishment  
on an elephant in a menagerie, asked the  
keeper, "what kind of a beast is that alon  
hay wid his tail!"

The Vincennes Sun says that the re-  
cent cold weather has seriously damaged  
the growing wheat crop in West county.